GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

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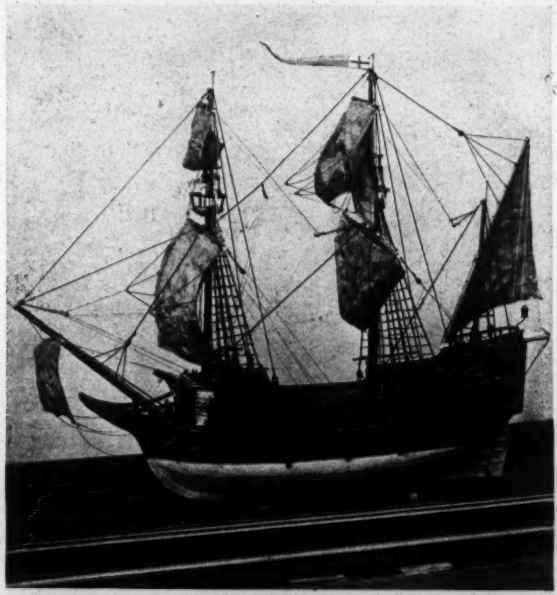
NOTE TO TEACHERS: The next issue of the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS will be published upon the reopening of schools in October. The Bulletins are not issued during the summer vacation months. It will facilitate the handling and prompt mailing of the Bulletins in the fall if teachers will apply now for the Bulletins they need for next year. See application form following Bulletin No. 2.



Photograph by James F. Hughes Company

THE LARGEST OF MARYLAND'S "MAYFLOWERS"

"The good ship called the *Arke*," which, with the *Dove*, brought the first colonists to Maryland three hundred years ago. A scale reproduction of this 300-ton ship will take part in the Tercentenary program at St. Marys City in June (See Bulletin No. 2).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

The Geographic News Bulletins are published weekly throughout the school year (thirty issues) and will be mailed to teachers for one year upon receipt of 25 cents (in stamps or money order). Entered as second-class matter, January 27, 1922, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 9, 1922.

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Yemen, Home of Mocha Coffee, Faces New Arabian Revolt

AGAIN revolt has flared in the deserts of Arabia. The Imamate of Yemen and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia (the latter once known as "The Kingdom of Hejaz and Nejd") are reported to be preparing to fight over a strip of territory along the hazy, largely-undetermined boundary between the two nations.

Yemen is even less familiar to the outside world than mysterious Saudi Arabia, a desert land occupying the heart of the Arabian peninsula. Yemen is called an Imamate because its ruler is an Imam. Saudi Arabia frequently has been in the news in recent years because of the political, military, and religious maneuvers of its colorful king, Ibn Saud, within whose territory lie the sacred Mohammedan cities of Medina and Mecca.

New Map Outlines Imamate

Yemen, in fact, seems until recently to have hardly stirred the imagination of map makers, for most maps show the country as a sort of boundless region on the southeast coast of the Red Sea with the name sprawled across it. A recently-issued map of the National Geographic Society, however, shows Yemen as a triangle of land with the shore of the Red Sea as the base, and with the apex thrust into the vast desert country of interior Arabia. It spreads over an area about twice that of Indiana, and, with Aden, forms the southwest corner of the Arabian peninsula.

Yemen is almost untouched by modern development. It is one of the railroadless countries of the world, and it is almost highwayless as well. The natives depend upon caravan routes, with donkey-trail spurs, for communications, as did their ancestors. They use crude agricultural implements on their farms; and ancient irrigation works are employed in the few spots in which there is any attempt to water arid land.

The population of Yemen is about 2,500,000. Most of the inhabitants are sunburned Arabs, but among them are many Jews and negroes. One of the country's largest cities, Hodeida, the chief port, and many small towns and villages are sprinkled over the 20 to 30 mile deep coastal zone. A few scattered tribes eke out a living on the arid wastes of the remote interior. The bulk of Yemen's population, however, is clustered about the mountains in the central part of the country.

Port of Mocha Almost Deserted

There are the cities of Sana, the capital, and Taizz, and many smaller settlements, some of which seem to cling precariously to the steep mountain slopes. The high bastioned walls of these mountain villages give them the appearance of small fortresses. The walls recall the days when Yemen's tribes were not as friendly with one another as they are to-day.

Yemen's fame in America rests principally upon the familiar name of the port of Mocha, whence Mocha coffee once began its journey to the American dinner table. Mocha now is an almost deserted city with debris-cluttered streets. Only the mosques of the old city remain intact. Mocha has been stripped of its former prestige by Hodeida, for most of Yemen's exports move through the latter.

Although hides, wheat, barley, and millet (mostly grown in the valleys of the interior) are exported, coffee still is a major crop in Yemen. The Arabians of this region prefer the coffee husks to the berries, and the brew from the husks might be compared to hot barley water. This concoction affords neither flavor nor stimu-

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IN DUBLIN, AS IN ENGLAND, TRAFFIC PROCEEDS TO THE LEFT

With its handsome buildings, fine shops, theatres, and stately monuments, O'Connell Street is one of Europe's most famous thoroughfares. O'Connell Bridge (in the foreground) is wider than it is long, and is the most noted of Dublin's bridges over the River Liffey. The tall column in the distance is the Nelson pillar, surmounted by a statue of England's naval hero (See Bulletin No. 5).

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Maryland Recalls Three Centuries of Its History

MARYLAND this year is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its founding in 1634. On March 26th a stone cross was dedicated on St. Clement's Island (Blakistone Island on modern maps), in the Potomac, marking the landing place of Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland Province, and his colonizers.

But the real birthday party will take place on June 16 at St. Marys City, near the extreme southern tip of Maryland. On that day a land and water pageant will precede the opening of a reproduction of the first Maryland Statehouse, a two-and-a-half-story building now in course of construction. Scale replicas of the *Ark* (see cover illustration) and the *Dove*, the *Mayflowers* of early Maryland, will sail up the beautiful St. Marys River and drop anchor off this first Maryland capital, which is hardly more than a "ghost town" to-day.

When Lord Baltimore's colonists came to found Maryland on the north side of the Potomac, they did not at first trust themselves to the mainland. They sailed up the river for 31 miles, until they came to a small island, now called Blakistone, where an enemy might at least be seen.

The Three Potomacs—River, Creek and Indian Tribe

Here Lord Baltimore's brother, Leonard Calvert, left the *Ark*, and in the *Dove* and another boat, procured in Virginia, sailed up into the narrower regions, where at Piscataway, just opposite the hilly banks where later rose Mount Vernon, he found the Indian emperor, with whom he wished to discuss a site for his colony's capital.

Calvert met only Indians on the river. Their scattered towns were indicated by clearings in the forests, where they raised their corn and tobacco. In one such town dwelt those Potomac Indians who gave their name to the river, or perhaps took it from the river. They dwelt in an inlet called Potomac Creek.

The town and the Indians have long since disappeared, but Potomac Creek still bears that name, and all train travelers between Washington and Richmond cross it (near Fredericksburg) and may look down its picturesque valley to the wide Potomac River beyond.

Each of the Indian towns had a king and all owed allegiance to the old emperor on the Piscataway. It is not known precisely what the Indian ruler said to Calvert, but it must not have been a friendly interview. Anyway Calvert returned to his ships and retraced his course to the last inlet on the northern side of the river, just ten miles above its mouth.

This beautiful body of water he called St. Marys River, and there he began to build his capital, which he called St. Marys City. Within 35 years St. Marys City was laid out with streets, and a square and, in addition to its frame and log structures, it had more than 60 brick buildings, which included the Statehouse, the Governor's mansion, churches, public offices, private dwellings, and commercial buildings.

Not one of the buildings of old St. Marys survived; not a trace of one of them. Until restoration work began this year, the visitor found only grain and tobacco fields, a modern girls' boarding school, a church and parsonage, a few green pastures, and a graveyard.

Where the plow has turned over the soil, or where a well or cellar has been dug, a few bricks have come to the surface, the only physical vestige of the sprightly capital of 300 years ago. Old bricks, from Maryland's first Statehouse, were used in building little Trinity Church on a part of the site of the vanished city (see illustration following Bulletin No. 3).

Maryland's Oldest House

Among the hospitable homes on St. Marys River one finds at least two of enduring interest. One is Cross Manor, its original lines somewhat obscured behind a modern veranda, still standing on the shore of St. Inigoes Creek, across which in the early days it looked at the busy capital city. It is the oldest house in Maryland, and was built by Thomas Cornwaleys in 1642.

In another direction is Cartagena, a modest little brick house which has a double attraction. It illustrates an old custom of the colonial planters of the lower Potomac, who sometimes put their initials in glazed brick headers in the front walls of their houses. On the sides of the front door of Cartagena appears a W and an H, the initials of William Hebb, who built here early in the eighteenth century.

Except for the curious and complete disappearance of St. Marys, life at the mouth of the Potomac presents surviving phases which were familiar there in the 17th century. Tobacco, which once was the currency and paid all the bills, is still a staple crop and continues to pay a goodly percentage of the bills. The first roads here were private clearings from the tobacco

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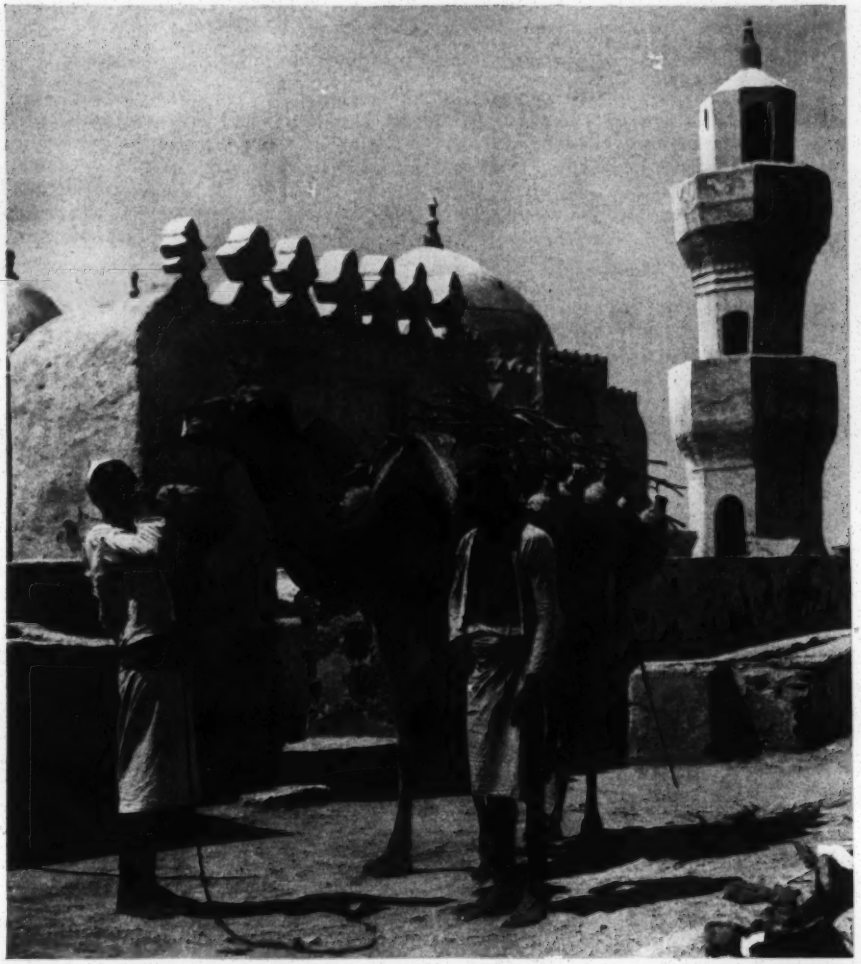
lus. For a stimulant, the Yemenite looks to khat, a little-known leaf with a mighty mental "kick." What wine is to the European, the poppy to the Chinese, bhang to the Indian, or kola to the West African, khat is to the Yemen Arab. Khat is not a beverage. The fresh leaves are chewed.

Note: See also the new Map of Asia published by the *National Geographic Society*. Copies of this map may be secured by writing to the *National Geographic Society*, Washington, D. C., enclosing 50 cents for paper edition, or 75 cents for linen edition. These prices include postage.

Note: For collateral reading and references see also: "Into Burning Hadhramaut," *National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1932; "A Visit to Three Arab Kingdoms," May, 1923; "The Rise of the New Arab Nation," November, 1919; and "The Flower of Paradise" also "Mecca the Mystic," August, 1917.

Bulletin No. 1, May 14, 1934.



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THE "WATER WORKS" TRAVELS ON CAMEL BACK IN YEMEN

In the burning heat of this arid corner of Arabia the scant rainfall soon evaporates, and the only dependable sources of water are wells. Village water-carriers peddle the life-giving fluid from door to door in earthen jars carried on lumbering camels.

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Cambrai No Longer Hears Watchman's "All's Well!"

FOR centuries a watchman in the lofty belfry of St. Martin has kept a wakeful eye on the quaint old French city of Cambrai, warning the inhabitants in case of fire or an attack from an enemy, and sounding the hours on a big bell. Each night, just before midnight, the *gallus,* as the venerable watchman was called, shouted "Cambresiens sleep in peace!"—although he often awoke light sleepers and started dogs to barking.

Last month, the city, for reasons of economy, dismissed the watchman and installed electrical machinery in the belfry to toll the hours. Thus an artisan of another historic craft bows to the march of time.

Cambrai, a city often mentioned in World War dispatches, lies about 125 miles by rail northeast of Paris, not far from the Belgian border. Situated on the right bank of the River Scheldt, at its juncture with the St. Quentin Canal, the city enjoys commercial prosperity on account of its sugar mills and textile factories.

Cloth Named for City

The name "Cambrai" may suggest to women the fine linen cloth called "cambric," and rightly so, because the fabric was first woven at Cambrai and takes its name from the town. To the French, however, it is known as "batiste," from the name of its alleged inventor, Baptiste Coutaing, a 13th-century weaver of the city.

Cambrai has played an important part in European history. One of the strongest alliances of the Middle Ages was that which was formed here under the name of the League of Cambrai, at the beginning of the 16th century. The members of the League were Pope Julius II, the Emperor Maximilian I, and the kings of France and Spain. These four great powers were brought together by the Pope to humble the powerful Republic of Venice. Although they were successful, the victors began to quarrel over the spoils, and the League soon ceased to exist.

In addition to its fine linens Cambrai is of interest to the feminine world also as the scene of the unique *Paix des Dames* (Ladies' Peace), wherein two women brought about a treaty halting the destructive war between Francis I of France and the Emperor Charles V. This treaty, signed in 1529, prevented a duel to which Francis had challenged Charles as a means of settling their quarrel single-handed. The two women were Louise of Savoy, devoted mother of the French king, and Margaret of Austria, guardian of Charles V during his youth.

Heard Guns Throughout World War

Cambrai was captured early during the World War by Von Kluck's German divisions, and, although it was within sound of cannonading along the front line trenches for over four years, it was not retaken until the British and Canadians together entered the town on October 9, 1918.

The retreating German forces in 1918 left Cambrai heavily mined, and a series of violent explosions, followed by fire, wrecked the center of the city as the British entered. Among the buildings damaged were the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall), the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the ancient church of St. Géry, founded in 520 A. D. The most beautiful of the town gates, the Porte Notre Dame, dates from the days of Spanish occupation in the 17th century.

To-day the scars of war are scarcely noticeable in the city. The destroyed sections in the center of Cambrai have been rebuilt, and again farm cottages dot the highways that lead over rolling chalk downs into the city. Cambrai carries on an

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barns down to the ship landings over which the hogsheads were rolled to the vessel; from which these first roads were called "rolling roads."

In spite of Maryland's great advance in road-building and its vast motor traffic, one finds yoked oxen still dragging plows across the fields and still hitched to hay wagons and wood wagons on their way down to the wharves. Up many a creek one finds the skeleton of an old mill. In the early days every plantation had its mill, where the planter ground his corn for johnnycake and batter bread, and ground wheat flour for the English market.

Note: Students interested in the early history and development of Maryland, as well as photographs of the thriving industries and unique scenery of the State, should also consult: "Travels of George Washington," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1932; "Approaching Washington by Tidewater Potomac," March, 1930; "The Great Falls of the Potomac," May, 1928; and "A Maryland Pilgrimage," February, 1927.

Bulletin No. 2, May 14, 1934.

NOTE TO TEACHERS

The attached blank may be used in ordering Bulletins for the coming year:

School Service Department,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Kindly send.....copies weekly of the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS for the school year of 1933-34 for classroom use, to

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Enclose 25 cents for each annual subscription.

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THE STURDY OX-CART STILL PLIES THE LANES OF SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Only in comparatively recent years has the paved highway reached down into this picturesque district. For nearly three centuries most of the commerce of Maryland's lower counties moved along its deep tidal rivers, or in such quaint, two-wheeled ox-carts as that shown above.

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U. S. Postal Service Is World's Largest Business

THE perplexing problem of the air mail has focused national attention on the United States Postal Service, which claims to be the biggest business in the world. But, while it employs more than 232,000 persons to-day, its purpose has not changed since the pre-Revolutionary days when stage-coach mail took six weeks to go from Boston to Philadelphia.

In February and March a vivid picture of the dangers and thrills of flying the air mail was impressed upon the American public. This picture is only one of a long series illustrating the history of the postal service.

The winter struggle against storm and ice, driving snow and sub-zero weather, and gales and fog, is shared alike by the mail pilot aloft, the Alaskan musher with his plodding dog team, the Great Lakes mailman with his tiny boat, and countless carriers on rural and city routes in every northern State.

Uncle Sam's Northernmost Post Office

In Alaska there is as yet no Federal air mail service. Through private enterprise some mail is carried by plane, but the winter service still relies mainly upon dogs and sledges (see illustration, next page). One of the longest dog mail routes is the 650-mile run from Kotzebue to Point Barrow—Uncle Sam's northernmost post office. The mail team leaves Point Barrow early in November, as soon as there is snow enough for travel, and is expected to complete the round trip of 1,300 miles by Christmas. So regular is the arrival of the northbound Christmas mail that it rarely disappoints the children of Point Barrow, who know that Santa Claus travels "on dogs."

On one of the more southerly routes, from Nenana to Iditarod, a distance of about 350 miles, a weekly service is maintained. For each round trip, requiring 35 days, the pay is $864. Over 900 pounds of mail and supplies are carried, so the driver seldom has the luxury of riding. He must, of course, supply his own dog team, equipment, and food for the trip.

In summer, when bogs and water-soaked tundra make overland travel impossible, a "horse-scow" is sometimes used. This is a flat boat which is pulled along shallow streams by horse. Should the water become too deep, an outboard motor is substituted for the horse, which is taken on board until the next shallow stretch.

Winter Almost Maroons Great Lakes Islands

Some of the most dangerous and difficult routes are much nearer home than the barren lands of Alaska. Records of the Post Office Department show one of the worst to be from Sandusky, Ohio, to the near-by islands in Lake Erie. Winter storms in this district are severe, and ice conditions very treacherous. The best craft for the job is a combination sailboat, rowboat, ice yacht and sled. When water is open, or the ice strong and smooth, the sail can be used, but more often progress is discouraging—dragging slowly over rough ice cakes, or breaking inch by inch through "young" ice.

A similar route in Lake Michigan, known as Death's Door, runs from Ellison Bay to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin. Then there is the Idaho route from Rocky Bar to Atlanta. Carriers make winter trips on snowshoes, packing fifty pounds of mail.

The smooth speed of city delivery is in sharp contrast. One of the most efficient systems is New York City's "blow-gun mail" which handles half the letters

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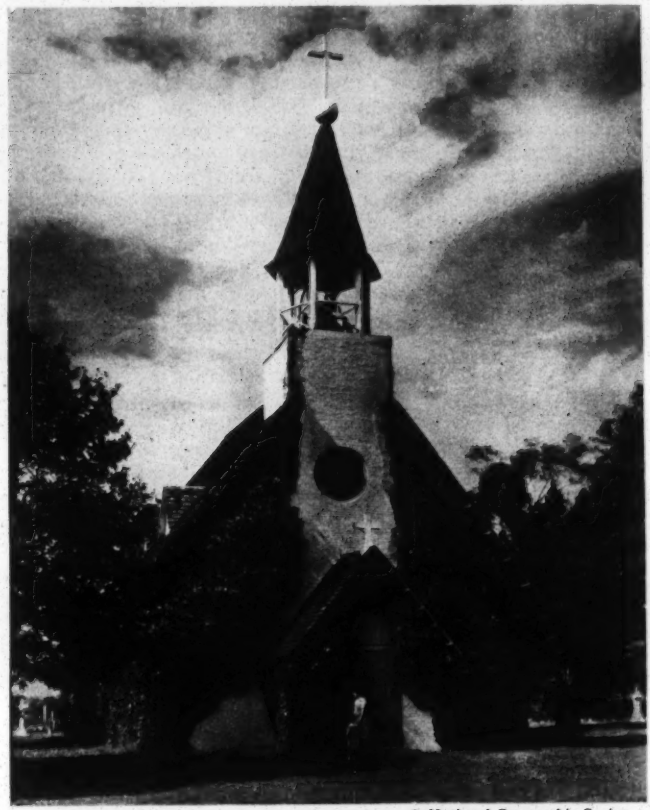
active commerce in coal, cattle and grain, and its busy textile factories employ hundreds of workers engaged chiefly in spinning, weaving, bleaching and dyeing.

Although cambric is now made in many parts of the world, the city of its origin still helps to meet the demand for the fabric. Only flax line yarns are employed in the manufacture of the finest cambric, and the number of threads and picks sometimes exceeds 120 per inch. Cheaper grades, however, are made from mixtures of tow and cotton, and even from cotton alone.

Note: For other French references and photographs see: "Our National War Memorials in Europe," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1934; "Chateau Land—France's Pageant on the Loire," October, 1930; "Armistice Day and the American Battlefields," November, 1929; "Looking Down on Europe," March, 1925; "Flashes of Color Throughout France," November, 1924; "Through the Back Doors of France," July, 1923; "Cathedrals of the Old and New World," July, 1922; and "Scenes from France," July, 1921.

Bulletin No. 3, May 14, 1934.



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ITS WALLS LINK MARYLAND'S PAST AND PRESENT

Trinity Church, at St. Marys City, was built of bricks from the first Statehouse of Maryland. Within a stone's throw of this picturesque little place of worship a reproduction of the first Capitol is being built. It will be dedicated June 20, when a State-wide celebration of the Tercentenary of Maryland will be held (See Bulletin No. 2).

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Dublin, City of 18th Century Charm

DUBLIN, Irish capital noted for fine Georgian architecture, has become beauty conscious. A campaign, launched by Irish architects, hopes to save the city from unsightly billboards or advertising, new buildings that do not harmonize with their surroundings, and haphazard local development.

Few cities have retained as much of their 18th century charm as has Dublin. It is still considered one of Europe's most imposing capitals, and any list of the world's most beautiful thoroughfares to-day would have to include O'Connell Street (named for Daniel O'Connell, Irish patriot), the "Broadway" and "Fifth Avenue" combined of Dublin (see illustration, page 2).

Other pleasing features of the city are the quiet green squares surrounded by dignified mansions, diagonal boulevards, monumental public buildings and beautiful churches.

Center for Tourists

Dublin is a hub of both commercial and tourist traffic. Straddling the River Liffey at the head of broad Dublin Bay, it is the chief gateway to Ireland. From it railroads and good motor roads radiate to the island's scenic and historic spots. Within a few hours' ride, one may kiss the Blarney Stone at Blarney Castle, visit the many quaint villages and battlefields that have made Irish history, or spend pleasant hours at sea and mountain resorts.

Dublin itself, however, charms the traveler with its fine government buildings, its spacious parks, and well-equipped art galleries. Phoenix Park has twice the acreage of Central Park in New York and is the chief breathing space of the bustling city. Here are miles of walks with the green Dublin mountains almost constantly within view.

The Park contains the Dublin Zoological Gardens, which are famous for their home-bred lions; the Vice-Regal Lodge, a rambling mansion that resembles the White House in design; and the Botanic Gardens with an interesting collection of plants, shrubs and flowers. Lakes, handsome residences of government officials, a military school, cricket and polo grounds and a race course also lie within the vast tract.

Ancient and Modern Mix in Downtown Dublin

Downtown, Dublin shops display the latest merchandise; many modern buildings flank its streets; motor traffic presents the usual present day problems; gaudy advertisements of the most recent Hollywood "movies" placard palatial theaters; and the Liffey now is flanked with a Riverside Drive on both banks. But there are bits of old Dublin woven into the modern fabric of the city.

Portions of the St. Patrick's and Christ Church cathedrals were built in the twelve hundreds. A small section of the old Dublin wall that warded off the attack of the Irish when the Anglo-Normans held the city, is preserved. Dublin Castle, a fortresslike, rambling structure, which was once the center of extreme authority, now is the home of the Irish High Courts and contains Irish government offices. It stands as a silent witness of eleven centuries of the Irish capital's turbulent history.

Trinity College (Dublin University), established shortly before the colonists obtained a foothold in America, is Dublin's leading educational institution. Its

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received in the metropolis. Beneath the streets of Manhattan are twenty-seven miles of parallel, pneumatic tubes. Through these tubes at intervals of ten seconds, shoot carriers, each holding 400 letters, and traveling at a rate of thirty miles an hour. They are propelled by compressed air.

When Benjamin Franklin was made Deputy Postmaster General of the British Colonies in 1753, postal conditions were promptly improved. Weekly trips between Philadelphia and Boston were started, the time was cut in half, and new routes were opened. The postage rate, however, remained high—forty dollars ($40) for three letters from Falmouth, Maine, to Boston!

Through the years following the Revolution the history of the post followed closely the history of the pioneers. Less than 100 years ago there was still no overland mail to California. The Mormons in Utah had a messenger system of their own, and there were a few "post offices" like the one at Ash Creek, Nebraska. This was a trapper's cabin where letters were left to be carried on by the next traveler who came along. Often letters were stuck in notched sticks beside the trail on the chance that they would be picked up by some one returning eastward.

With the excitement of the great gold rush in 1849 everything moved rapidly, including the mail. There was soon a regular service, run by Feramorz Little and his wagon train, between Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and Salt Lake. Even as late as 1858, Fort Laramie was Denver's "nearest post office," and the men who staked out claims near Pike's Peak had to send 200 miles for news from home.

In 1860 the daring riders of the Pony Express reduced the distance between San Francisco and St. Joseph, Missouri, to the amazing time of eight days; and nine years later the silver spike was driven which completed the first trans-continental railroad.

See also: "Flying," *National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1933; "On the Trail of the Air Mail," January, 1926; and "Green Mountain State (Vermont)," March, 1927.

Bulletin No. 4, May 14, 1934.

Photograph by Harry Anthony

HOW THE MAIL IS CARRIED IN ALASKA'S FROZEN WASTES

Letters from Washington, D. C., to the American Yukon travel thousands of miles by air or train, boat, and dog sled before they reach their destination. Yet it costs no more to send a letter to Point Barrow, Uncle Sam's northernmost post office, than it does to send one to a neighboring village only a few miles from your home.

library, which was opened in 1601 through subscriptions from troops of Queen Elizabeth, has more than a quarter of a million volumes and 2,000 manuscripts. Perhaps its most famous treasure is the Book of Kells, a religious work of the seventh century. White marble busts of Homer, Socrates, Plato, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Locke and Swift, lend atmosphere to the famous institution.

Dublin, now more than sixteen hundred years old, once was an important industrial center. Tanneries, and the woolen linen industries flourished. When Huguenots fled France and settled in Dublin, they brought with them the silk industry.

Has Declined As Factory City

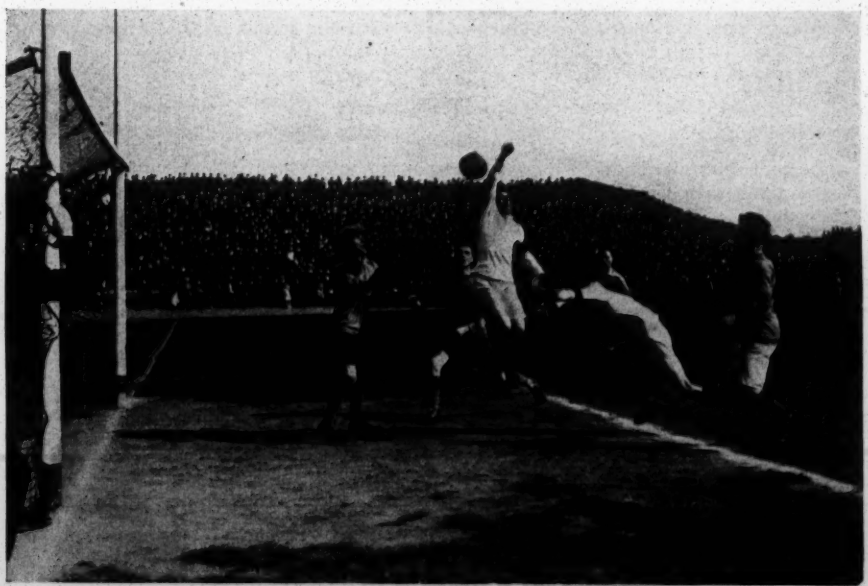
But Dublin was not destined to retain its industrial prestige. Some glassware, poplin cloth, cigarettes, beer and whiskey are manufactured, and there are shipbuilding yards on the waterfront; but a glance at the shipping in the harbor indicates that it is not the products of Dublin factories, but the products of the city's "backyard"—largely agricultural produce—that fill outgoing ships' holds.

During the last two centuries, Dublin has made great strides in the collection of art. Its galleries contain works of Rubens, Murillo, Gainsborough, Rembrandt and others.

John Singer Sargent's portrait of former President Wilson hangs in the National Gallery. When the World War broke out, Sargent was in Austria. In an effort to collect funds to alleviate suffering among wounded men, he sent a blank canvass to the National Gallery and offered to fill it in for $10,000, the money to go to the Red Cross. The price was paid, hence the Wilson portrait.

Note: See also "Ireland: The Rock Whence I Was Hewn," *National Geographic Magazine*. March, 1927; "The Battle-Line of Languages in Western Europe," February, 1923; and "British Isles," December, 1915.

Bulletin No. 5, May 14, 1934.



Photograph from Independent Newspapers, Dublin

GAELIC FOOTBALL IS FILLED WITH THRILLS AND ACTION

This game, a cross between rugby and soccer, is enjoying a revival throughout Ireland. But rugby is still the favorite sport of the mass of the people and of students. A tense moment at the goal posts during a game played in Croke Park, Dublin.

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